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Translated for this Journal.

The Violin Quartet.

BY A. OULIBIACHE.

(Continued from last week.)

IV. MOZART COMPARED WITH BEETHOVEN.

Precisely as HAYDN corresponded to the best and most enlightened taste of his time, BEETHOVEN is, in the highest sense of the word, the musician of the present day. But we have not here to judge him from the stand-point of the tendencies and sympathies of his age, but to compare his violin Quartets with those of MOZART, and that simply and solely in reference to the application of the theoretic principles we have been laying down.

It is a truth, in which all agree, that Beethoven

in instrumental music is the only man, that can be placed by the side of Mozart in respect to loftiness of thoughts or melodic invention. A further truth, which needs no demonstration, since it is a fact and does not depend on views or tastes, is this: that Beethoven as a contrapuntist falls short of both his great predecessors. The fugued passages in his works are commonly the weak parts of the same; they frequently want euphony and clearness. Many persons even now confound Harmony with Counterpoint. This error is the root of a whole crowd of misunderstandings. As early as the fifteenth century, before Harmony in the peculiar sense of the word existed, and before men had any accurate idea of Chords, there were skilful contrapuntists. Beethoven, sublime harmonist and melodist as he was, has not, by general consent, particularly distinguished himself in the science of JOSQUIN, BACH and HANDEL, all three of whom have been surpassed by Mozart, who was in my eyes the greatest contrapuntist of all ages. But Counterpoint, the strong and lasting element, is, as we have repeatedly said, the representative of the intellect in the creations of our art; it is musical logic. We see therefore in the first place, that the works of Beethoven bear not in them in the same degree as Mozart's that character of aesthetic necessity, whereby the work of the contrapuntist develops out of itself, and could not take other order than it has done.

The most exclusive worshippers of Beethoven grant our hero this kind of superiority, since it would be difficult indeed to dispute his claim to it among musicians; but they will add, no doubt, that this merit, the first of all in the scholastic days of the art, now stands only in the second line; that genius takes precedence of science; that only a very few listeners trouble themselves about the logic of music, the most of them indeed scarce knowing what it means, while every body wishes to be moved. Moreover the Quartets of Beethoven have something more exciting in them than Mozart's; if they prove less, they move more, and it will be admitted that in music at least this compensation is satisfactory.

I admit the premises, but question the conclusions. Certainly several of Beethoven's Quartets, among others those in C minor and in F minor, bear the stamp of a more passionate character than any one of the Quartets of Mozart; but from that springs, according to our fundamental rules, only a secondary kind, of relatively smaller

worth. The composer of *Don Giovanni* surely possessed quite as much passion as the creator of *Fidelio*; but since the question here is of instrumental music solely, let us take the Allegro, the Minuet and the Finale of Mozart's Symphony in G minor. I ask if any one has ever heard a more pathetic, a more energetic, a more deeply penetrating composition than this is, especially in the Finale. This shows that Mozart, as well as any man, could soften and grow warm, when he inclined. If he was not so fiery in his Quartets, it was for the very reason that here was not the place for it. He did not wish to have his Quartets, which were of like high birth with all his other master-pieces, degenerate into symphonies for two violins, viola and bass, since such an instrumentation for a work of this kind is extremely unsatisfactory, as every one will admit. Beethoven is far from having made this principle so distinct and clear to himself. As the great symphonist before all others, it is sometimes the case with him that he introduces into his chamber music the passages of orchestra music, for which he had the highest and most decided calling. You hear in them a well-developed, fully characteristic song, soft and lovely periods, whose natural interpreter would be the flute, the bassoon or the clarinet, if these instruments took part. In other passages an imposing theme seems to demand all the forces of string and wind instruments, which, as brave and faithful troops of auxiliaries, no one commanded better than the "generalissimo," Beethoven, and with whom one is ever sure to conquer and not have to yield. But here the mass of the army, the rank and file, are wanting, and for the fulfilment of the maestro's orders, for the execution of the immense conceptions of his genius, there stand at his command but four poor instruments, ashamed of their weakness. A certain something tells one that these are not the ideas of a Quartet; that there is a disproportion between end and means. Look for example at the last Allegro of the Quartet in C major (No. 8 of the set dedicated to Count Razoumowsky,) a piece in which you recognize at once a composition for a grand orchestra, but to which nothing but the orchestra is wanting. It makes a noise as of, I will not say four, but of eight instruments at least. But you want to hear fifty. It is a pure Symphony from beginning to end.

The productive gift, or genius, in the two masters whom we are comparing, may be about equally great; but not so the critical faculty or

taste, both of which are absolutely necessary to the creation of masterpieces, and can as little be dispensed with as genius itself. An old principle, which has withstood the shock of many attacks. Genius finds ideas, Taste arranges them. All the ideas which Mozart has put together, seem to have been made for one another; their connection and their development form something organic; they resemble one another as the leaves upon the boughs of a tree do those upon the stem from which they sprang. This is that aesthetic necessity of which we just now spoke, and which, as we have said, is not so obvious with Beethoven, even in his purest masterpieces, before yet a double infirmity, both physical and moral, had led him astray from the path of the Beautiful, which he had striven to reach in Mozart's footsteps.

Perhaps there is nothing grander in his chamber music for violins, than his Quintet in C major, op. 29. What music-lover, who has ever heard it, could forget the mysterious beginning of the first Allegro, that theme which inspires one with a holy awe, like the thought of a prophet, fraught with a weighty revelation? It is sublime! But what shall we say to the figure in triplets, which immediately follows and forms a leading theme? One only needs to hear these two themes, one after another, to recognize that they are unsuited to each other. Their incompatibility becomes still clearer at the beginning of the second part, where the composer has brought them together in the forms of the contrapuntal style, a combination which, frankly speaking, never pleased me, either in the hearing or the reading.

According to our principles, the customary divisions of a Quartet or a Quintet, the first Allegro, the Andante or Adagio, the Minuet or Scherzo, and the Finale, even if they do not bear the alternating stamp of one and the same character, show at least a series of situations each springing from the other, so that it is possible to perceive a totality in these fragments, an intellectual bond of unity between these various psychological pictures. Otherwise each piece or movement would form a work by itself. However differently constituted these main divisions of the work may be, each of them must at least remain true to itself; that is, it must explain itself from beginning to end through the development and combination of its motives, and reject everything which could make another sort of explanation necessary. Accordingly every unprepared change of tempo, of rhythm, of key and character in the course of one and the same piece is, by our theory, inadmissible, because such a change leads to a programme, and because pure music excludes a programme, direct or indirect. This proceeding belongs only to dramatic music. Beethoven has applied it sometimes in his instrumental music; Mozart never. The Quintet in question offers us an instance of such a sudden, unexpected change, not motived, and not founded on the theme, but on a retrospective thought of the composer. In the midst of the wonderful finale, Presto, 6-8, in C major, suddenly you hear an Andante in A major, 3-4. This Andante is original and graceful; it is most lovely, but what can it mean? Since it is impossible for the hearer to discover the slightest logical relation between this aria without text and the electro-magnetic effects of the Presto, he is compelled to seek in his own fancy for some common ground on which to reconcile these incongruous thoughts; and that is

what I mean by an *indirect* or imaginary programme. When the composer tries to save us this trouble, and himself announces the intention of his music in great letters, then we have the direct programme. Thus we find among Beethoven's Quartets a piece, which he has entitled *La Malinconia* (Melancholy.) A very chromatic Andante, in 2-4, alternates with an Allegretto quasi Allegro, in 3-8, of an almost shuffling measure, which towards the end is changed almost into a Prestissimo. The melancholy goes through with loose reins; stop it who can.

In pointing out those respects in which Beethoven seems to us to stand below Mozart, we have at the same time enumerated the reasons which have secured to the composer of the 'Pastoral,' the 'Heroic' and the 'Choral' Symphonies the verdict of the great majority of his contemporaries. By the very direction of his genius and even in consequence of his faults, Beethoven has a greater public than Mozart, as Haydn had a greater public at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The man of all epochs could not also be the man of a particular epoch.

But we would not have the reader misunderstand our remarks. Because we have sought out with the microscope, as it were, the rare and little faults, which one finds in the best Quartets of Haydn, and in those which Beethoven composed before his intellectual decline, we have by no means meant to exalt Mozart at the expense of his rivals. The genius, the characteristic beauties of each, have been left out of the question in our parallel. We have proposed nothing but to confirm and illustrate the theory by examples, to indicate the immense difficulties of this kind of composition, to point out the almost unavoidable rocks surrounding it on all sides, and consequently to show that among the three masters of the Quartet Mozart is to be recognized as the first, because he has better comprehended and conquered those difficulties, and consequently has more happily and constantly avoided those rocks, than any other man, before or after him.

(Conclusion next week.)

Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Worte.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

BOOK I. OP. 19.

The "Songs without Words" form a distinct class of piano-forte music, which was originated and perfected by Mendelssohn. Musicians never essayed to construct an entire instrumental composition within the limits of a vocal canzonet, until, in the present productions of his boyhood, this great master first showed the world the now obvious truth, that the essentials of beauty exact not, of necessity, in instrumental more than in vocal music, lengthened or elaborate development for their manifestation. The experiment was not less completely successful as an appeal to general taste than as an application of the principles of Art; and, besides the many additions to this beautiful collection which our composer made in the course of his career, the form has been very frequently adopted by other writers, with more or less ability to take advantage of what opportunity it affords.

Each of these exquisite little pieces is complete in itself, it having been the composer's custom to write them from time to time as occasion prompted, and to select, from amongst many, such as would best contrast and companion each other, when opportunity occurred for the publication of a number.

We may suppose that each one embodies some sentiment, and, remembering the maxim attributed to Mozart, that he composed his melodies to

an idea, not to a poem, that the text was only a vehicle for vocalization, and that the expression of the feeling was for him and not for the author of the words to render, in this supposition we include the belief that the composer has had all the scope without the restraint of vocal music, since in embodying a sentiment his imagination has fulfilled all that words could suggest to it, without being shackled by their fetters. The interpretation of this sentiment is, mostly, left to our conjecture, and we shall, I think, only do justice to ourselves and the composer, if we give liberty to our conjecture to interpret a meaning from his expression.

Let us suppose, for instance, that the first piece in this series presents the meditation of one who flies from the passionate excitement of the world, into the solitude of a summer moonlight, with a glowing heart open to the influences of nature, which still are insufficient to annul a sense of disappointment that is a single exception to the perfect harmony of all things,—still are insufficient to prevent the recurrence of thought to one treasured regret, the offspring of a joy that is no more.

We may imagine that, in the second song, we hear the lament of a bird that has lost her mate, sad, but full of prettiness, the presentation of a most refined and delicate idea of sorrow; save this one stilly sound, all is silence, and the beating of our own heart marks the rhythm in the plaintive melody; in two places (the momentary transition into the key of C,



and the recurrence of the same progression in another key,) the nightingale's complaint touches a particular spring in our sympathies, and licenses our indulgence in the never dormant thought that we too have loved and lost.

The third number may suggest the feelings of freshness and healthful vigor that are excited by the open air in the early morning, when the world is spread before us, and our hearts are unbound as the prospect; we may think of the chase, or of any other active exercise that animates our spirits, and quickens the very life-springs within us.

The next piece may be described as a ballad with an opening and closing symphony, of which to hear but a single verse will never satisfy one who feels its beauty; it is surely a love song, and it tells the heart's tale with the most irresistible tenderness.

No. 5 is a more important composition than either of the others, but it loses not, in its greater elaboration, its vocal characteristics of melody and expression; it speaks to us of a troubled but not a broken spirit, and of a noble resolve to resist the disappointments of life, and prove an inward superiority to the influences that vex but cannot crush us.

The purport of the Gondola Song can scarcely be questioned; we must all be reminded, in hearing it, of the dark boat upon the silent tide in the stilly moonshine of a sultry night, and of the strains from Tasso murmured by the rowers forming a burden to the secret thoughts of one whose first and last word, "Alone, alone!" expresses that his heart knows no sympathy but with the solitude of the situation and the season, and the world within himself is his only companion.

If more congenial fancies than these be prompted by the music, we should, according to our peculiar temperament, receive them as its true meaning, and follow them so far as their course may lead us.

Bach and Handel.

Though living at the same period, reared in the same school, and both undeniably the depositaries of that rarest of gifts—genius, scarcely any two composers more essentially differ than Bach and Handel. Both bred up in all the traditions

of the church-style, both disciplined in the same counterpoint, both educationally assimilated to the utmost that study could effect, there was, nevertheless, even at the outskirts of scholarship, a divergence in their courses which grew ever wider with their progress in art. We descry their characters in the music they have left us. Handel is broad, open, massive; sometimes rough and unfinished, but ever, where a blow is required, striking home with the irresistible force of genius. Bach is profound, surprising in contrivance, wonderful in elaboration; never careless of detail, but constantly, in this very fact, depriving his most beautiful thoughts of that power which isolation or slenderer treatment would give them. Handel is never complicated "of malice aforethought;" if, perchance he weaves us a tangled web, we only recognize the workman's skill in the splendor of the designer's pattern—with him the ultimate effect is all in all. With Bach, on the other hand, complication is the essence and character of his work; and if his greater nature breaks out, here and there, in strong, big, shadowy masses, it is surely in spite of that over-schooling which has too much clouded it. Handel's choral music is, with some exceptions, such as occur in "*Israel in Egypt*," exceedingly practicable for singers. Its divisional passages are all vocal and easy, its melodic progressions are rarely awkward, and the compass of its parts is within the range of fair voices. The choral music of Bach, on the contrary, is the most difficult, and—its effect considered—the most thankless in existence. The number of real parts constantly employed—and, it must be remembered, his orchestra rarely, if ever, doubles his voices—necessitates unlooked for skips in the counterpoint, the excess of elaboration confuses the singer's ear, and England, at least, does not possess soprano and tenor voices capable of the prolonged employment of the higher notes of their scales which the disposition of his parts demands. And here we may conclude this musical parallelism with the remark, that Bach affords, perhaps, a solitary instance of undoubted genius habitually sacrificing breadth of effect to an amount of contrapuntal involution and finesse such as are usually ascribed exclusively to the second-rate order of intellect. We are speaking, of course, in generalities. There are, in his motets, and in some of his orchestrally-accompanied works—especially in the *Credo* of his Mass in B minor—passages which, for every characteristic of sublimity, have never been surpassed; but those, unfortunately, are merely exceptions to his rule of art.

How far personal peculiarities and exigencies may have governed the differences we have noticed in the works of those two great musicians, would be difficult to estimate:—some points of this nature are, however, obvious enough. Handel was essentially a man of action, of the day, and of the markets;—Bach, though an equally hard worker, was essentially a recluse. The one lived in the world and wrote for it,—the other lived in his own study and wrote for himself. With the known money-greediness of Handel, it is not unfair to surmise that he designedly wrote for popularity. Circumstances, however, which might have ruined a less man could do him no harm. With whatever view he wrote his oratorios, and whatever the pecuniary result, he has, by them, immortalized his name,—and this, not with the skilled and studious few, but with the whole world. The music of Bach is, to the full, as deathless, but with this difference—that the attestation of its vitality dwells with the few who can comprehend it.

Beauty and Art.

There is a little blue flower—the liverleaf, which blossoms almost at the edge of our forest snows, springing up at the first instant of breath the earth gets after its winter-trance, and asserting, it might seem to a poetic fancy, its existence, simply by force of the beauty which it embodies. Buried fathoms deep under the snow-drift, it has still preserved its vitality, and breaks forth at the first loosening of its bonds.

So Art, which is Beauty's gospel, lies inert

under the cold necessities of a national childhood, and the cares and storms of a political first existence; but when the winter of discontent is made summer, it bursts out to gladden and beautify life. Beauty, deep-rooted in every human mind, is its vitality and it must therefore live. To us, and to our generation, it is given to determine its future in our country, whether free and healthy, or dwarfed and deformed by pride and conceit. * * * We could have whispered to a world, rushing heedlessly along to the wreck of commerce, that there were things more gratifying to the intellect than the accumulation of property, or the gratification of pride—that to those who reverently seek her, Beauty has an elevation of enjoyment, compared to which, all self-glorification is a hollow show—a thing which the heart crushes in embracing it. We could have taught men that Beauty is the antidote to those wearing, consuming cares of the material life—that, as trade and money being by their very nature the origin of selfish influences, and bring men forever into struggle with each other, not for mutual advantage, but for selfish appropriation; so Beauty and Art, belonging none the less to one, because given to all, widen our sympathies and unite us by a common delight. It is bitter to those who love their race, to see men shut themselves into themselves, year after year, pursuing that which can belong to themselves alone, while around them everywhere lies that which, if once taken up, is theirs forever, and yet is not diminished for the next comer. Do men realize this? Do they think of it, or are they skeptics with regard to Beauty, as well as the future? Does the world of nature absolutely lie around them a waste desert—only so much space to be got over, where they travel with blinded eyes until that is most glorious and instinct with immortality in them has died for want of culture? There are too many such. Could we but reach them, could we but open for an instant their sealed eyes to the perception of the outer world, life would be new to them, and in the perception of the great harmonies of nature, they would become tranquilized and elevated. The more entirely delight is based on the eternal and immutable, the more enduring and unchangeable it becomes; and we doubt much if there can be found a merchant, who has found time and disposition to cultivate his love for Art, who does not feel that his daily routine of duty is gone through with better from its effect upon his mind, and who does not feel that there is something in him better than his computing capacity, and something in life more profitable than cent-per-cent profits.—*The Crayon.*

Diary Abroad.—No. 8.

BERLIN, DEC. 8th.—John Ladd—he is gone now, poor fellow!—used to speak of the delight it would give him to read a play of Shakespeare again for the first time, but he could never more know that pleasure unless through the discovery of some long hidden literary treasure from the great dramatist's pen. I shall never more know this pleasure in regard to Beethoven's symphonies; I have heard them all now. Mozart and Haydn have still symphonies to offer, the latter a host of them—Beethoven not. Now what is left, save Wagner's '*Tannhäuser*,' to excite that longing, that craving, intense curiosity, that burning desire, which for so many years have accompanied every thought of Beethoven's Choral Symphony? Not too fast; there is the '*Missa Solemnis*'—that mighty work in D, still in store—Beethoven is not yet exhausted.

It is a week to-day since I had my first opportunity to learn something from my own hearing of that work, which has caused so much, and such earnest dispute—of that music, sum of all music to one, tissue of a madman's ravings to another. Liebig gave us the first three movements. I know not that any piece of music ever so surprised me—so completely put at fault all my preconceived notions in regard to it—exhibited itself in a form and comeliness so entirely different from what the many, many descriptions I had read and heard, had led me to expect. I am, as it were, bewildered with it. What? that quiet, sing-song, strange, empty humming, with short, sharp couplets of notes crossing it like electrical sparks down the exhausted receiver—that the opening to

the famous Ninth Symphony! But do not these electric sparks awaken life in the mass, and lead to struggle, and contest, and most energetic action? Where in all the wide realm of music is there anything like this opening? Or where an effect like that produced upon the feeling by the sudden return, after all this contest, to that strange opening? Of the second movement I could make nothing. But the very opening of that divine *Adagio* almost made me cry out for delight. And so I came away with the rest—some eight Americans besides myself—and to their inquiries what I thought about it, could only say—"don't know what to make of it—but I do believe there is something huge in it." One was greatly pleased with passages in the first movement; another was mightily taken with the *Scherzo*, and others still felt with me in regard to the *Adagio*.

The next day but one, what should catch our eyes but an announcement that on Thursday evening, Dec. 7th, a concert would be given in the Opera House for the benefit of the unfortunate sufferers by the recent inundation in Silesia, by the Royal Orchestra and the Stern and Jahn Singing Societies, with members of the Sing-Akademie, and the principal singers of the opera; and that the programme would consist of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht!* Then there was running to and fro, and a company of a dozen Americans was soon formed, all eager to be there. Two of us attended Liebig's concert on Sunday afternoon, to request him to repeat the three movements of the symphony; he smiled and replied, "with great pleasure." Another was deputed to secure the places, and succeeded by entering his name on Tuesday.

On Wednesday the old American table at Hennig's was filled, and the result was to increase the eagerness of us all for the next night's concert. For my own part, I must confess that the opening movement made less impression upon me than before, while the second (*Scherzo*) began to assume form and proportion, and make itself felt. The *Adagio* took its place among Beethoven's grandest Creations. A young American lady present, who had studied this—as indeed all Beethoven's Symphonies—in piano-forte arrangement with her German teacher, told me she cried until she was ashamed. No other *Adagio*, said she, not that of the Fifth, nor that of the Seventh, even, can equal this. It surpasses them all. It contains them all. It is unrivaled, it is unapproachable! "I know the whole of it," said she, "and as those noble passages, made so familiar by the piano, now came streaming forth to me from the orchestra, I could not help it, I had to cry!"

Thursday evening came, and as we entered the *Balkon* of the third rank of boxes, we found that chorus and orchestra were already in their places. What a magnificent spectacle! The huge stage was fitted up with seats rising gently to its very rear, and these were filled by more than 275 sopranos and altos, and as near as I could make out, some 175 tenors and basses—the sum total, by my reckoning, not far from 450; the orchestra below numbered between 70 and 80.

Of course there were some drawbacks to the pleasure of the evening. For instance, there was a want of proper ventilation, of which there is practically no knowledge here. With that immense audience, filling almost every seat in the house—indeed all were taken, though a few were not occupied—the heat and foul air became at length almost unbearable. Then Wyzaker and his wife (of the German branch of the family) sat directly behind me, and he edified us much. His face is daguerreotyped in my memory, and I judge mine is in his. I turned round often enough to give him the opportunity—and the scoundrel did at last give his "Weib" the look and cease his remarks. I declare, if there is anything calculated to cast a doubt upon the existence of an overruling Providence, it is that Beethoven and Handel should lose their ears and eyes, and these nuisances live on in the enjoyment of any quantity of both. Then again the effect of the chorus was often enfeebled by its position between the flies, with all those huge open spaces to catch, retain, deaden or disperse the sound.

But Taubert comes in and raises his baton. Hush, hush, all over the house—even Wyzaker is still, and his wife—and in hardly audible tones begins that strangest of all strange beginnings. What does it mean? you ask.

Why, if music be, as we now define it, the language of feeling and emotion, it does not *mean* anything. It sounds to me like the humming of a wheel in a room full of machinery, and conveys no emotion from the composer's heart to mine. If I since last Friday have *felt* out the clue to the Symphony, this is just what Beethoven intended. At the starting point our humanity is but as the clod, it has neither joys nor sorrows—it eats and drinks, for tomorrow it dies; impossible, unemotional; yes, a clod. Must not this music be empty, a void, must it not convey a sense of the want of humanity in this sort of humanity? But mark how the animal becomes vivified, how passion arises, how troubles encompass him, and he finds himself surrounded with difficulties against which he must struggle. The clod is a man! Sorrows, trials, misfortunes, disappointments, hopes defeated, anticipations unfulfilled, he has known all. All that is opposite, antagonistic to joy, he has experienced. This clod is now capable of Joy. Is not this Beethoven's philosophy? Could Kant desire a better? And so that long first movement—that mad-house music (!) that mighty expression of a mighty idea, drew to a close. With what intense earnestness did that vast audience—save the Wyzakers—listen to every note! and what an expressive rustle (there was not much loud applause) was that, which ran through the house after the last chord! A few minutes were given us to rest—we needed it.

Now the Scherzo—if it be a Scherzo. But why has Beethoven changed the recognized order, and put this third movement, as Haydn, Mozart, and he himself, have hitherto made it, second? Why is it so quiet? Our friends from beyond the Alps make more noise, when a hero and heroine on the stage say good morning to each other, than in this whole movement—I had almost asserted. Why is it so long? Is our humanized, heart-and-soul-endowed clod, torn and weary and worn with conflict, seeking, almost with agonizing desire and longing, for some faint taste of joy? Is he tasting all the fruits of sensual indulgence, and finding them but apples of Sodom? Is he groping in darkness but can find no ray of light? Is he seeking liberty, but everywhere comes in contact with: the stone walls of his dungeon? I can tell nothing about it; only that of all unsatisfying music—by which I mean of all music which made me crave a change, which made me beg and entreat for something not yet attained, which I cannot attain, which must come from something or somebody above and beyond me—is this the greatest. Handel shows us the lost, despairing heart, in his "Messiah" overture, and then that divine *Comfort ye speaks such peace!* Beethoven is seeking not comfort, he will have the active, energetic emotion of joy. But our clod, made human through suffering and disappointment, has been seeking this in every wrong direction. Can he now at once pass to that state in which he shall enjoy that true and enduring emotion which Beethoven has in mind? Your and my experience, universal experience, says no. Poor humanized clod! Beaten back in all quarters, he may well despair of finding that Joy which he seeks. The trouble however is in himself. He must pass through still another state before he attains the goal.

And here follows the *Adagio Cantabile*—my friend's summary of all Beethoven's Adagios and Andantes. What comfort, what peace it speaks! How tranquil it moves along, and yet with what breadth and power! In the *Pastorale* we walk by a brook—here we are upon the Mississippi; and all those soothing, bracing, ennobling, humanizing, purifying influences, with which Nature has made pregnant those everlasting hills, and forests and floods, are here poured out in the calm, resistless progress of Beethoven's music. Does M. remember our walk upon the deck of the steamboat, the moon flooding the river and its noble shores with its most brilliant beams, lighting up the bald bluffs, streaming through the dense woods, sparkling upon the ripples of the waters, and the feelings of peace, sober happiness, delicious contentment with the present, which the passing scenes inspired? We "in the love of Nature held communion with her visible forms," and she spoke to us eloquently in her still voice. So speaks this Adagio. It is immensely long; but who after sorrow and suffering, and discord and confusion, and struggle and conflict, can be satisfied with a mere taste of calm and peace? No, it must sink deep into the torn heart—the angel which

speaks the word *must* remain—"I cannot let thee go." Few men have suffered as Beethoven suffered—not from hunger and cold, and pitiless privation, as Stupid says, who can conceive of none greater than physical ills—and few could know better the delicious paths through Bunyan's Land of Beulah, which lead to Joy. Is it strange that he should so dwell there? That he *can* not part with those delicious themes? And so, that Adagio's great length finds no favor with the critics—it is too much spun out; has too much repetition; too little variety, and so forth. But there are those to whom the composer *speak*; who find this the sum of all his symphonic movements of the kind, and into whose very heart it sinks. For them he wrote.

Our clod is now transformed. He is capable of Joy—that joy all embracing, which joys not in itself alone, but sympathizes with all human hearts. All mankind is a brotherhood: he that dwells above the stars is a "loving Father." But combinations of the instruments of music are not means by which even the greatest of instrumental composers can express his present idea fully. The finale begins with an attempt to do this; all the resources of the orchestra are brought into requisition, but they fail. Their usual effects are abandoned as not sufficiently explicit and clear—so they try again, but with simple melody and recitative, and adopt the manner so far as in them lies, of the voice. They struggle and labor—all in vain. Here is something beyond even Beethoven. This Joy of the heart is beyond even his power of expression by orchestral means. "Oh, Friends, not these tones, but others more pleasing and more joyous!" Again the simplicity of the *tune* which follows, and its perfectly popular character, was most striking and astonishing. But then as one reflects upon it, it is just what it should be, for it is the outpouring of the Joy of all the brotherhood of Man. Highly wrought, artistic (in the common acceptance) music, would be out of place; but this, so popular in its form, may well be the expression of the universal feeling. And so that finale rolled on, gathering new strength and force of expression, until it reached its climax in the mighty prestissimo chorus:

Feld umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
Brüder! über'n Sternenzelt
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen!
Freunde, schwärzer Götterfunken!
Tochter aus Elysium!

I know not what to record of the effect of this great work upon me. I found afterward that it had excited me like champagne, and it was long after midnight before I slept. What I feel to have been Beethoven's idea in it, I have attempted thus to record. Pipes will say it is all "bosh." I can in fancy at this moment hear him ask "if I really and sincerely can call the Ninth Symphony a beautiful and successful musical work?" One kind of beauty it has, one sort of success, with me, it has achieved; yet I admit that Haydn has written a hundred prettier symphonies! Whereat Pipes looks triumphant. I do not find that wealth of little flowers of melody scattered through it, which the other symphonies have. There seems to be less of those unexpected and strange little phrases peeping out here and there from this or the other instrument, utterly unapproachable in their elfin beauty. This seems more earnest—to flow with a deeper current. If I had opportunity to become really familiar with it, perhaps, it would seem very different; but this is the record of the ideas it has called forth after three performances, two partial, and one entire.

Part II. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture. W.'s old division of mankind into two classes—those who have heard this, and those who have not—must be revised. There are two classes of those who have heard it—those who have heard it as it was given on this occasion, and those who have not! Talk about Weber's overtures for power—fudge! It did one good to hear the tempest of applause which followed it.

The *Walpurgis Nacht* music belongs among Mendelssohn's noblest creations; I have no brains left to try to say anything about it. Why cannot some poet make English of the poem, and one of the choral societies in Boston sing it? Johanna Wagner sang in it! No voice ever so wrought upon me—and then she had such music to sing!

In a word, this was an evening, which is an era in a man's life.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

CONCERT FOR THE POOR—MARIO'S "IL MIO TESORO." JAN. 16.—The Concert given by MARIO and GRISI for the New York poor, came off last Thursday, and proved very successful, the house being crowded in every corner. The programme differed somewhat from that which was given by your informant of last week, who either gave you his account beforehand, or could not have honored the concert with his presence. That programme was, indeed, the original one, but owing to a severe hoarseness, Signora DONOVAN did not appear, and was not much regretted, in the enjoyment afforded by hearing the magnificent voices of Signori BADIALI and SUSINI in *Suoni la tromba*. For some unexplained reason, too, the Overture to *Norma* was substituted for that to *Martha*. Grisi, after failing sadly in *Casta Diva*, urged a plea of indulgence on the score of fatigue, having travelled from Washington that day, and succeeded infinitely better in *Qui la voce*, and as well as in the concerted pieces, which went very well altogether. Badiali was of course good in *Largo al factotum*. FABRICATORE would have done well to be hoarse too, but, as it was, served as foil to Mario. And Mario! He was in excellent voice, and, what is of still some account with him, in excellent humor, but though he sang well all that he had to sing, every thing else faded away in the recollection of his *Il mio tesoro*! It shone out from the whole evening's performance like a diamond of purest water from among the crystals. It has never yet been my good fortune to listen to any piece of vocal music so perfect in all its parts: the composition itself, that "most beautiful love-song that ever was written," as a friend calls it, the thoroughly artistic rendering of it, and that exquisite voice! But you have had even before this the pleasure of hearing Mario, and seeing Grisi yourself, and I hope you will agree with me that this is just the difference between them. Grisi, off the stage, is only a noble looking, dignified woman, but is no longer a great singer—while Mario, on the stage, will always be only the handsome, gentlemanly man, the possessor of an unequalled voice, which he can use to the best advantage. BORNONIS.

P. S.—By the way, where did you hear that Badiali sang his part in the 'Messiah' in Latin? I believe I heard him as plain as any one in the house, yet I heard nothing but Italian.

From LEIPZIG.

GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS—ALFRED JAELL—RUBINSTEIN—AMERICAN STUDENTS IN THE CONSERVATOIRE.

DEC. 1, 1854.—The season has so far advanced, and the concerts have been so numerous and varied, that in the brief limits to which I must confine myself, I can only allude to some of the more attractive performances. The Concerts in the Gewandhaus have pleased me, on the whole, more than those of the last winter, for this reason. RIETZ, having resigned his position as conductor of the theatre orchestra, has been able to give his exclusive attention to the concerts; in addition to his thorough drilling of the orchestra, we have the benefit of DAVID's first violin. The following Symphonies have already been given in the order in which they are mentioned: *Eroica*, Beethoven; B flat major, Schumann; Symphony No. 1, Gade; No. 2, Beethoven; D major, Haydn; "Ocean" Symphony, by Rubinstein; D minor, Schumann; No. 7, Beethoven; and at the last concert, a new symphony by ALBERT DIETRICH. Miss STABBRACH of London was engaged as vocalist for the first eight concerts. She sang a variety of classical songs and arias from Mendelssohn, Mozart,

and Handel. Miss S. has a beautiful voice and undoubted talent, and needs only a good teacher for a year or two to take a high rank as a vocalist. Her execution wanted neatness and elegance, and her articulation was in many respects very deficient.

At the second concert, WILLIAM KRUGER, pianist to the King of Wurtemberg, played a concerto of his own composition and some other lighter pieces. He proved himself to be an excellent pianist, but his composition did not please particularly.

The third concert presented an unusual attraction in the masterly performance of CLARA SCHUMANN. I have hardly ever seen such an enthusiastic reception granted to any one as was given to her on her appearance. She played in a most unexceptionable manner. In all respects it seemed to me a perfect performance; her execution was wonderfully clear and distinct, and her conception of the author worthy of her great reputation as a pianist and musician.

As in former years, the fifth concert occurring about the time of the anniversary of the death of MENDELSSOHN, was of a peculiar and appropriate character. No symphony was performed, but in its place a part of the great requiem of Mozart, *Lauda Sion*, and the unfinished Oratorio *Christus*, by Mendelssohn, were given by the Orchestra and the Sing-Akademie. *Lauda Sion* was written for a church festival, and has none of the oratorio character about it; it reminds one of some of the hymns of Mozart for the Catholic church service. This fragment of *Christus* has more resemblance to "Elijah," than "St Paul." It presents only two scenes in the life of Christ: his birth, and the crucifixion. You can easily imagine what dramatic fire and energy Mendelssohn would exhibit in portraying such a scene as that of the crucifixion. The audience were very much affected by the music, and no doubt all felt what a loss the musical world sustained when Mendelssohn died. In this connection I would also allude to the exercises in the Conservatory, in reference to the same event. The pupils of the institution performed an eight voiced Motet and a Quintet of Mendelssohn. But MOSCHELES played a preludium and fugue, and one of the young ladies sang a song originally written for the oratorio of "St. Paul," but which Mendelssohn withheld from publication. Although it does not equal his best efforts, yet is quite well worthy of being sung. On this occasion I had the pleasure of looking through the original score of "St. Paul." It is now in the possession of Herr SCHLRNITZ, the director of the Conservatory.

ALFRED JAELL, so well known in Boston, appeared in the eighth concert. In the first part he played the E minor Concerto of Chopin, and in the second two or three pieces of his own composition. His success was quite decided, particularly in the concerto. The pieces of his own composition infringed a little too much on the Gewandhaus motto: *Res severa est verum gaudium*, to be acceptable to the audience. In the seventh and tenth concerts, we had an opportunity of hearing RUBINSTEIN, the young Russian, in his character of a composer and pianist. A symphony, entitled "Ocean" was performed, and on the last evening a Fantasia for piano forte and orchestra. I regard him as one of the most promising composers among the "new lights." The critics seem to be quite divided in their opinion of his talent as a composer, but they all agree that since Liszt he is the most wonderful piano forte player who has appeared in the Gewandhaus. Such execution I have never seen or hardly conceived of. His piano forte performances roused up the usually staid and quiet Gewandhaus audience to an immense enthusiasm.—Mr. R. is as modest as he is talented, and is a most agreeable and interesting man. He promises to be one of the first musical men of the age.

The number of American and Englishmen now studying in Leipzig is, I think, greater than ever before. The Conservatory of Music holds out induce-

ments to students, which I do not believe are excelled by any similar institution in the world.

A pretty good proof of its standing in other parts of Germany is afforded in the fact that among the students are several from Berlin, Munich and Cologne, in all of which cities there are institutions of a similar character. There are also two young men supported by pensions from the Kings of Prussia and Bavaria.

With the names of MOSCHELES as piano teacher, DAVID and DREYSCHOCK for the violin, HAUFFMANN, RICHTER and RICHTZ in composition, your readers are already familiar. The department of singing which has sometimes been somewhat neglected, is now under the charge of Prof. GOETZE, a most able and accomplished teacher. All the students in this department have instruction in Italian, and have also opportunities of visiting other classes in the institution; so that one really interested in the subject of teaching has very great opportunity of "making an experience."

Miss JENNY BURK, a young lady from Baltimore, has been connected with the institution for some time past, and promises to be one of the first class singers. The general musical culture afforded to the students is of very great importance, for they have an opportunity of hearing the works of the best masters of all nations. No people in the world are so liberal in this respect as the Germans. The only requisition is that the music shall be good and worthy of performance. Thus, in a German theatre you hear one evening a German opera, the next, "Masaniello," and the next, "William Tell," perhaps. So that a student is not exclusively drilled in one style or one school, but has an opportunity of becoming acquainted with all styles and schools.

G. W. P.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 20, 1855.

Italian Opera.

"GRISI, Sir, Grisi is the Colossus of Rhodes!" A queer speech that, and a queer text to begin with; but it haunts our memory and will not down; it comes up like a figure with a mocking grin to baffle and confuse us after trying all manner of ways to overcome the difficulty of recording our own first actual impressions of a greatness which had been so long a hacknied notoriety. It was in New York, the night after the first concert of JENNY LIND, at a little supper party of artists and amateurs, mostly Germans, and who had been regaling us with music of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Schubert; the talk turned naturally upon the great singer; and as little complimentary toasts and speeches were the order of the night, what could we do less, when it came our turn, than thankfully allude to the "Nightingale," and to the music of the evening and to the debt we music-lovers in this country owed to German Art and Artists?

Whereupon an elegant, imposing looking Englishman, who sat opposite us, and who rejoiced in an Italianized name, immediately launched forth into the praises of Italian music and Italian artists, and with politest fluency and patronizing grace, began to dash cold water on our simple Lind enthusiasm, telling us that we must hear Grisi, we must hear her Norma; that we could know nothing of great singing till we had that experience, and capping the eloquent climax with: "Grisi, Sir, is the Colossus of Rhodes;" which knock-down argument

became the burden of his discourse as he repeatedly returned to the attack. Wherever our Anglo-Italian Signor friend may be, we trust he is happy in the thought that his Colossus now strides the great Atlantic, with one foot firmly planted upon either hemisphere, a superb type of conquest of the Old world and the New.

But leaving aside "Colossuses" and "angels," too, dear reader, as orders of beings more in Mr. transcendental Barnum's line than ours, simple mortal admirers of musical mortals as we are,—it is in truth a hard thing to add any distinct, original, fresh contribution to the world's praises or criticisms of a singer, whose every quality and every achievement have been broiled in your ears with scrupulous particularity for months and years before you have the privilege at last of listening, feeling, judging for yourself. It is hard, even the next morning after the new operatic feast, to separate and identify your own genuine impressions and convictions from the refluent crowd of imaginings and prepossessions channeled into all your habitual associations with the subject by continual hearsay. And yet it is perhaps only because one's own thought or impression is not more individual and distinctive, but simply and sincerely has gone with the crowd, that he distrusts, it or is at a loss to find it and drag it to the light. In either case it is a damper on more writing and talking of such things. Why shall one put in his oar, when the boat is going on swimmingly enough already? One thing becomes more certain on every second, if not first, hearing of one of the world's great notorieties, namely, that in such cases the world's verdict is always found to be substantially correct. And it might therefore be the wisest way, perhaps, to dispose very briefly of our "colossal" text, and limit our critical task to simply congratulating our readers that we have at length heard the Grisi and the Mario for ourselves in Boston; that we have heard them in *I Puritani* and in *Lucrezia Borgia*; that we (all Boston, we mean) have enjoyed and admired and are yet in the rising tide of enthusiasm, anticipating other operas and other triumphs; that we have acknowledged the world's traditions in the matter of these lyric artists:—who would not rather live the feast out before he journalizes, criticizes, speculates about it, or snatches time from it to note down how good it is?

But Grisi and Mario in Boston open a new chapter and a somewhat new text. Let us say then that on Monday night they had the beautiful and spacious new theatre three-fourths filled, and on Wednesday night quite filled with the most cultivated, elegant, encouraging, responsive audience which any feast of Art or Literature has ever drawn together in our city; that they were evidently well-pleased with their audience, and felt well, and went to work joyfully to do their best, and so did achieve a really great triumph in the first play, but a much greater in the second, wakening old echoes of enthusiasm such as have not been heard here for some time.

Report has not belied the powers of these great artists. Both the positive and the negative sides of the report were found true. It is true that Grisi's voice is not a little worn, disappointing at first by its hardness and thinness in some notes; it is true that she screams sometimes on a high note, so that her best tragic passion is not always altogether musical; it is true that she

sang Elvira's gay and florid wedding polonaise: *Son virgin nezzosa* indifferently, compared with Bosio and several other singers we have heard; that such early signs of the decay of vocal beauty betray some defect in method or culture; that decidedly the first impressions were, on Monday night: It is not then as a singer or possessor of a voice that she is really great; we have heard sweeter, larger, fresher, more expressive voices, greater delicacy, and greater bravura in the way of execution. It is true, too, that she had grown large, and showed not all that charm of person or of action we had read of for some time; that she had not the air of maidenly innocence and playfulness belonging to the character of Elvira. Yet in singing and in acting there were gleams continually of the true power. The tradition brightened into life and grew upon you more and more real as she went on. The face, indifferent at first, and the whole form, so queenly and so classic, were beautiful and eloquent, so soon as lit up by any dramatic emotion. Some of those attitudes and gestures, that Juno carriage of the head so proudly set upon the shoulders, made ideal by the spell of acting and of music, gave one a pleasure like that of beholding illuminated statuary.

And it was not so much by striking points, or bursts of passion, as by a pervading, quiet unity of dramatic impersonation, using the voice and music as the exponent and vehicle of character and passion, that she gradually convinced us all that she was Grisi, the world's last great impersonation of the genius of lyric drama. A great singer she surely is, (witness her rendering of *Qui la voce*, and of the final cavatina in *Lucrezia Borgia*,) though by no means so great as Lind or Sontag; but her singing is but secondary to her acting. We should surmise too that her lyric genius—for we will call it genius, although it may have only simple passion for its basis, and may not be of the most intellectual, imaginative or spiritual kind—had its whole sphere within the limits of the passionate Italian opera music and craves no further expression. Whether this be the highest kind of power we will not here discuss. We might add that strongly as Grisi has identified herself with the stern lioness kind of passion, of badgered Lucrezias and vengeful Normas, nothing could be much truer or finer than the music of her acting or the acting of her music, in those tender love passages in the last part of *I Puritani*, which she sang with Mario,—her Mario. Elvira's derangement too was finely represented; how admirable that bewildered look, where she seems half insane and wandering, and half appears to realize that danger awaits her lover, whom otherwise she does not recognize, though at her side!

But MARIO! the handsome, the gentlemanly, the graceful—particularly so in those picturesque Charles II. costumes. With him it was the voice, the singer rather than the actor, that enchanted. So sweet, so pure, so flexible, so exquisite a tenor voice we certainly have never heard. A slight huskiness, now and then, showed only the extreme sensitiveness of so fine and choice an organ. In the opening of the famous quartet: *A te, o cara*, (certainly one of the most beautiful concerted pieces that Bellini has written) the smoothness and finish of his execution, the light and shade and delicate pathos, as well as the fresh, elastic quality of his silvery tones, held every listening

sense in exquisite suspense. The troubadour romanza, too, in the last act, and the duets with Grisi, were sung to imitable perfection. His tenor, to be sure, is generally of a light quality; there was perhaps more of the rough golden ore of a large manly tenor in robust Benedetti, who had more genius than art, and would abuse the priceless treasure of his voice. But Mario's tenor is sweetness and tenderness itself; beautiful in all its extraordinary compass. Those remarkable falsetto tones, to be sure, were less agreeable, and had not a manly sound; but now and then he gave an outburst of strong, rich chest voice, quite in his highest register, which must have gone to the right spot with every one.

Sig. BADIALI was welcomed back with great enthusiasm, and in the character of Riccardo, one that gives fine scope for his powers, showed that his ripe baritone was rich and large and glorious as ever, and that he was the same capital artist both in singing and in acting. He is a host in himself, and he fairly shared the triumphs of that evening with the new stars. Sig. SUSINI, of whom we had heard so much in New York, proved a noble match for him. His bass is of a very solid, telling character, and he uses it like a true artist, always faithful to the requirements of his part. In the choruses, which were quite well sung, especially the male choruses, one was pleased to recognize so many of the old faces that have figured here in every chorus since Italian opera was first imported. The orchestra, too, under Sig. ARDITI, compares well with operatic orchestras heretofore.

But the *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Wednesday night, was a far greater performance, at least on the part of GRISI. The character was more suited to her. Her acting from beginning to end was superb, and in the great passages,—where she is insulted by the maskers, in the Trio scene, and in the death scene of Gennaro, her impersonation was beyond anything that we had witnessed. Then one realized the true power of the Grisi. We know not how to imagine that her Norma could be finer. MARIO was scarcely in so good voice as the first night, yet his *Di Pescator* was exquisitely beautiful, as was his portion of the Trio, and the difficult aria which he introduced in place of the usual chorus at the beginning of the third act. Once in essaying a high falsetto note his voice betrayed him; but the artistic tact with which he recovered himself was better than the missing note itself. He displayed more powers of acting this time, even to counterfeiting the convulsive death of the poisoned with a truth too literal perhaps for Art.

SUSINI made a very imposing Duke Alfonso. He sang his first solo, the street scene, admirably; but now and then the satisfactory richness and volume of his voice were marred by a slight uncertainty of pitch. Signorina DONOVANI, for whom indulgence was claimed on the score of illness, nevertheless sustained the part of Maffeo Orsini respectably, and used her very good contralto with considerable skill and taste. Yet of course many of the most dramatic scenes of this opera suffered for the want of a Maffeo who was all himself. The audience, by far the largest and most brilliant we have ever seen at any opera, together with the house itself and the fine scenery and stage-appointments, composed a spectacle worth something to behold; and it became most

animating, as the enthusiasm kindled and grew to the highest pitch.

The first operatic week concludes this afternoon with Rossini's immortal "Barber." We know what BADIALI is as Figaro. Think of MARIO as Count Almaviva, and GRISI as Rosina! *La Favorita* was played last night. Next week we have Norma, *Favorita* again, and *Don Pasquale*.

SHALL WE HAVE MORE? We are authorized to state that, should the present patronage of the Opera continue through next week, it will be in Mr. Hackett's power to give us GRISI and MARIO for two weeks longer. It is certain that they will sail in the Atlantic on the 21st of February, and consequently but a month remains. Three last nights will be given in New York at all events; and it depends upon our opera-going public whether New York or Boston shall have the six nights of the fortnight that precedes.

Should they remain with us, they will perform *Don Giovanni*, *Semiramide* (entire), and other good things. Will it not be a treat to hear Mario's *Il mio tesoro*? Susini is said to be an inimitable Leporello. With the prospect of such music, who will not eagerly secure the last chance of hearing the two greatest artists now remaining on the Italian Operatic stage?

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION Concert on Wednesday afternoon, as usual, provoked a storm, in spite of which a goodly audience was drawn together, giving evidence that a fair day would have shown a well-filled hall—such an audience as the Germanians were wont to play before—such as the Orchestral Union should have and in the end, will have. The staple of this Concert was Beethoven's First Symphony, written long before he became entirely Beethoven, on the model of the works of his predecessors, yet scintillating here and there with bright sparks of the genius of the full grown giant of after years. This is less familiar to us than any of the other symphonies, having been only two or three times performed here. It was given with good effect, and its repetition will evidently be most acceptable to the audience. The *Adagio* from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," and the overture to "Semiramide," made up the remainder of the solid part of the programme, both giving samples of the playing of the brass side of the orchestra, the horns—such horns as we have never had before—executing most perfectly the opening theme of the overture. Messrs. HEINICKE and PINTER pleased the ears of those who will have a song without words, by their performance of the venerable duet from *Norma*, and the third head of the musical Cerberus was indulged with its appropriate sop in a set of sparkling waltzes by Lanner. May fairer skies smile on their future efforts, and fuller houses give them a substantial reward.'

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The fifth concert derived unusual interest from the fine piano-playing of Mr. J. TRENKLE, as well as from the pure and solid quality of the programme. It consisted of just four pieces, which were well contrasted. MOZART's second Quartet, in D minor, for strings, was delightful, and as a composition really seemed to justify the high claims which M. OULIBICHEFF makes for his hero (al-

though we do not feel called upon to endorse all that instructive and able writer says about Beethoven, as compared with Mozart, in the chapter translated on our first page this week.) Yet from reading his theory of the Quartet, every one must have heard this one of Mozart's with a keener relish and a better understanding. It was very nicely played.

BEETHOVEN'S Sonata for piano and violoncello (in A, op. 69) was finely rendered by Messrs. TRENKLE and WULF FRIES. But the crown of the evening was the B flat Trio, of the same composer, the difficulties of which were mastered by Mr. Trenkle in a most acceptable manner, even after the memorable renderings of DRESEL and JAELL; in execution and in taste Mr. T.'s performance fell not so very far short of that of the latter, though in fire and poetry it would be idle to compare it with that of the former.

An Adagio and Scherzo from the sixth Quintet by SPOHR, one of the most enjoyable works that we remember by that composer, opened the second part, before the Trio.

CHARITY CONCERTS.—A correspondent of the *Evening Transcript* makes a timely proposition suggested by the accounts of a concert given for the benefit of the poor in New York, that the musical societies of Boston should unite, for once, their resources, for so good an object. The suggestion is a good one and should meet with a prompt and cordial response, as we doubt not that it will.

A CHANCE FOR AMERICAN LYRICO-DRAMATIC GENIUS.—The new Academy of Music in New York, which has hitherto been but a splendid theatre for the exhibition of costly exotics in the way of opera, is about assuming the function of a public teacher, or veritable academy, on the strength of which it was incorporated, and for its cool ignoring of which it has been much taken to task by plain-spoken critics like Mr. FRY of the *Tribune*, and others. There was truth in the report we published, among other flying opera rumors, that OLE BULL, with STRAKOSCH and MARETZKE, had become the lessee and manager. English, French and German opera, we learn, are contemplated, as well as Italian; a "Carnival Season"(!) of which is to commence with "William Tell," some time in February. Prizes are offered for native American operas, and the Conservatorio is actually promised for next autumn. All this is best explained in the following official announcement in the New York papers, to which we hereby give the benefit of a gratuitous advertisement:

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET.

PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
TO AMERICAN COMPOSERS.—The undersigned, Lessee and Manager of the Academy of Music, desiring to carry out both the letter and the spirit of the Charter granted by the State Legislature to the above establishment, has determined, as far as it is in his power, to make the Academy of Music not only the home of refined and intellectual amusement, where all classes of our citizens may resort with comfort, but also an ACADEMY IN REALITY, whose principal object shall be the encouragement, the development and the elevation of AMERICAN ART AND ARTISTS.

A general change in the mode of managing this establishment will necessarily take place, and all the efforts of the new Direction will tend toward the final realization of the above-mentioned object.

In furtherance of this object, and as an earnest of the sincerity of his intentions, among other important resolutions adopted and to be hereafter published, the Manager takes pleasure in announcing that it has been decided to offer for honorable competition,

A PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

for the best original Grand Opera by an AMERICAN COMPOSER, and upon a strictly AMERICAN SUBJECT.

The National History of America is rich in themes both for the poet and the musician, and it is hoped that this offer will bring to light the musical talent now latent in our country, which only needs a favorable opportunity for its development.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

All Operas intended for competition must consist of at least THREE ACTS, but must not exceed FOUR ACTS.

A full score, clearly written, together with a book of the Libretto, in the language of the country, must be sent, addressed to the undersigned, with a sealed letter, containing the names of the composer and the poet, before the 1st day of August, 1855.

The successful composer of the PARIS OPERA shall be entitled to retain the copyright, and every other profit he can derive from his work, the Academy only claiming the sole right of public performance in consideration of the payment of the prize.

The Opera which shall be pronounced SECOND BEST by the appointed Judges, shall be entitled to performance at the Academy, the composer having the privilege to claim such performance as a right, or to refuse it.

The names of the Judges, the mode of proceeding, and all the necessary details, will be announced hereafter.

The advanced period of the musical season renders it impossible to commence the operations at the Academy of Music as an Academy or Conservatorio until the Autumn of 1855. The conditions of scholarship and the course of musical professional education will be announced early in the Spring.

The Manager has the honor to announce to the public at large that the

CARNIVAL SEASON OF OPERA

will commence at the Academy of Music about the second week of February, 1855, when he trusts that the new and brilliant features of attraction, and the perfect appointments of every department, together with the conformity of prices to the popular wish and expectation, will insure the success of an undertaking conceived in the desire to establish a National Musical Institute, and to exalt Art among the people.

OLE BULL, Lessee and Manager.

That Ole Bull possesses managerial capacity, was proved by the energy with which he built up a national opera in Stockholm; and his generous enthusiasm for Art, in a wide range of styles and schools, may be quite as well turned to account in this way as in charming semi-civilized ears with "Yankee Doodle" variations on his violin. We rejoice too that American operatic talent, if there be such, is to have encouragement and stimulus to create out of its own original tendencies. But why stipulate that the subject shall be American? Can not a work breathe an American spirit, whatever be the scene of it? Not so have the existing nationalities in lyric drama been achieved. Are the scenes of all, or most of the Italian operas located in Italy, or of the German operas in Germany? And (as the critic of the *Courier and Enquirer*, who is "Shakspeare's Scholar," well asks,) do all Shakespeare's plays have their scene in England?

A communication from Messrs. WM. HALL AND SON, music-publishers in New York, setting forth the merits of their side of the controversy referred to in our last, has been received too late for insertion this week. It shall have place in our next.

Mme. De LAMOTTE's third concert, announced for next Thursday evening, offers uncommon attractions. Two excellent singers (Mrs. WENTWORTH and Mr. MILLARD), besides the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, in addition to her own brilliant pianism. Some excellent pieces are specified in the announcement. See below.

MISS HENSLER, of Boston, makes her first appearance at La Scala, in Milan, on the 28th of December, in either the *Sonnambula* or *Linda*. The prospects continue to be, as I have always represented them, brilliant. Her voice goes on improving, and her powers of execution seem to expand immeasurably, under her excellent tuition and her own conscientious practice. At a private party given lately near Como, she was asked to sing, and encore followed encore, till she had sung eleven times. There is great curiosity and impatience felt in Milan for her debut, as she is quite extensively known as *l'Americana*—the salary she is to receive being unusually high for a debutante, and the musical authorities of the city having spread favorable accounts of her abilities.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

To our readers in Providence, R. I., we can cordially commend the series of concerts to be given there by Mr. AHNER, of the late Germania Musical Society, with the assistance of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, and Mr. WEISK, of whom we hear excellent report as a classical pianist. The programme will include Quartets, Trios, &c. by Beethoven and other masters, with lighter varieties, both solo and concerted.

A slight illness of the editor, occurring on the important day of going to press, has not only excluded several matters which should have gone into this number, but has also delayed the paper beyond the usual mailing time. We must ask the indulgence of our out-of-town subscribers for this once.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THOMAS RYAN,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
RESIDENCE, 19 FRANKLIN STREET.

BOSTON THEATRE.

THE OPERA!

EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF GRISI AND MARIO.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, January 20th, will be performed, by particular desire, ROSSINI'S celebrated Comic Opera.

IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA, (THE BARBER OF SEVILLE)

Principal characters by Madame GRISI, Signors MARIO, RADIALI and SUSINI.

Tickets \$2. Amphitheatre 75 cents.

Places may be secured at WADE'S Music Store, No. 197 Washington street, and at the Theatre. Doors open at 2½ P. M. Performance commences at 3.

THE OPERA!

BOSTON THEATRE.

SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF GRISI AND MARIO.

The following Operas will be performed:

MONDAY, January 22,NORMA.

WEDNESDAY, January 24,LA FAVORITA.

FRIDAY, January 26,DON PASQUALE.

Places for all or either of the above representations, may be procured at WADE'S, 197 Washington street.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE'S LAST GRAND CONCERT BUT ONE,

Will take place on THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, at the Misses. Chickering's Saloon, Masonic Temple,

On which occasion she will be assisted by Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH and Mr. S. HARRISON MILLARD, Vocalists, and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

Mlle. Gabrielle De Lamotte will play:

Concerto for Piano-forte in C minor, op. 37,Beethoven.

Andante Rondo Capriccioso, Piano-forte solo,Menelsohn.

Illustrations of the Prophet: "The Skaters",List.

Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Millard will sing a Duet by Rossini, and Solos by Schubert and Verdi. The Quintette Club will play pieces by Mozart, Haydn, and Meyerbeer.

To commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

Tickets to be had at all the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of the concert.

Mlle. Gabrielle De Lamotte gives instruction on the Piano-forte, and may be addressed at 55 Hancock street.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

And continue through the season.

CARL ZERRAHN.....Conductor.

Single tickets, 25cts: Packages of 6 tickets, \$1: for sale at the music stores and at the door Nov 23

W. J. PARKERSON, NO. 3 LA GRANGE PLACE, BOSTON.

Having resided thirteen years in Europe with a view of adapting the Italian style of Singing to the English voice and of remedying weakness of the voice, and thoroughly correcting harsh, guttural, nasal, or other unpleasant peculiarities, proposes to give lessons on the Voice, and in Singing, in the Italian, French, and English Languages.

Many who have spent years of severe study to attain musical excellence, after struggling to conquer some guttural, nasal, or other unpleasant mannerism, abandon the pursuit from the belief that they are afflicted with a natural defectiveness: when, with a fractional part of the application which they bestow on the other branches of their musical education, and with much less physical effort (if properly directed) than they have been accustomed to use, their voices might be rendered comparatively beautiful.

To singers of eminence he would say, with a just appreciation of their high attainments, that a brief practical examination of his system will convince the most sceptical, that he can afford them such assistance in beautifying the voice, as might delight the most fastidious.

"Being acquainted with the course of vocal discipline pursued by Mr. W. J. PARKERSON in forming and developing the voice, I take pleasure in bearing my testimony to its excellence; believing it to be far preferable to any other method known to me."

GEO. J. WEBB.

BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1854."

Terms, \$50 per quarter.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Mr. DE LAMOTTE, from Paris, begs leave to announce that he is prepared to commence a course of instruction to pupils in classes, or private lessons, during the ensuing winter, and will be happy to receive applications at 55 Hancock street.

O 21 3m

YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL MUSIC SCHOOL.

Rooms in connection with Mr. E. A. Beaman's Young Ladies' School, No. 28 Temple Place.

E. R. BLANCHARD, Teacher.

Also, Teacher of Music in Mr. Adams' Young Ladies' School, Central Place.

RESIDENCE, 24 WEST CEDAR STREET, BOSTON.

This School is designed for all who wish to acquire the ability to *read* music readily at sight, and is particularly adapted to the wants of those who desire to fit themselves to receive instruction, from the best masters, in the Cultivation of the Voice, Style, &c. Commencing with FIRST PRINCIPLES and proceeding upwards, by regular and successive steps, the students will acquire so thorough and practical a knowledge of the ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC as will enable them to read even the more difficult CLASSICAL COMPOSITIONS with ease and fluency.

For terms, and other particulars, see Circumlocution, which may be had at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. G. J. WEBB & CO., No. 3 Winter street, where, also, Mr. Blanchard may be found between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M.

N. B. Mr. Blanchard will be happy to give instruction in schools and academies, if situated in the immediate vicinity.

Having examined the plan of instruction adopted in the Young Ladies' Vocal Music School, we most cheerfully say that it meets our unqualified approbation.

From the success which has heretofore attended the instructions of Mr. Blanchard we feel assured that his school will merit the fullest confidence of the public.

**LOWELL MASON, GEO. J. WEBB, F. F. MULLER,
GEO. F. ROOT, B. F. BAKER**

Sept 30

**A DOLPH KIELBLOCK,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**
United States Hotel. Dec 30

**CONCERT HALL,
CORNER OF EUCLID STREET AND PUBLIC SQUARE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

This new and elegant hall, designed expressly for concerts and recitals, is now open for artists and others intending to give entertainments in Cleveland.

The hall is well lighted, handsomely frescoed and decorated, and will seat comfortably 1200 persons. Its central location renders it the most desirable of any in the city.

For terms, etc., apply to **HOLBROOK & LONG,
Piano-Forte Dealers, Cleveland, Ohio.**

A CARD.—Messrs. GARTNER and JUNGNICKEL are ready to receive applications to furnish music (duos, trios, &c. for violin and piano) for private parties. Nov 18

SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI, Professor of Music, from Naples, proposes to teach SINGING and the PIANO during the coming winter, in Boston, both by private and class lessons. The latter will be given to CHORAL CLASSES, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for which purpose the Messrs. Chickering have kindly offered the use of their Rooms, in order to afford to as many as possible the advantages of a system of public musical instruction that has been attended with great success in Europe.

Applications to be made to Sig. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, at the Winthrop House, or to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, to whom, as well as to the following gentlemen, he is politely permitted to refer.

REFERENCES.

Rev. Sam'l K. Lothrop, Samuel G. Ward, Esq.
Arthur L. Payson, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq.
Sept 9

MR. J. C. D. PARKER,

BEGS to announce that he is prepared to commence instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, Harmony and Counterpoint, and will be happy to receive applications at No. 3 Hayward Place, on and after Oct. 1st.

RECOMMENDERS.—R. E. Aphorop, C. C. Perkins, J. S. Dwight, Esq.
Sept 23

tf

**E. R. BLANCHARD,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND SINGING.**

Residence, 24 West Cedar Street.

Reference, GEO. J. WEBB, Esq. May 20.

**L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

265 Washington Street, Boston.

**CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT ACTION
GRAND AND SQUARE
PIANO-FORTES,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

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MASONIC TEMPLE,
TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.** tf
Apr 29

—Edward L. Bach,

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Inasmuch as the demand for a cheaper edition of this Instruction Book has been so great, particularly among Teachers, Heads of Seminaries, &c., the publisher has been induced to issue an edition containing precisely the same matter, but bound in plainer style. This Method is more complete and systematic than any other published in this country or Europe, and is now the cheapest. It is recommended by all the first Teachers, as being the very best.

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MR. S. HARRISON MILLARD,

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Classes will be formed on the principle of the Conservatoire à Paris.

Particular attention paid to English Oratorio singing.

Classes for the study of the Italian language will also be formed.

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Address No. 45 Harrison Avenue, or at any of the music stores.

Sept 16

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MASON & HAMLIN.

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Our prices vary from \$60 to \$175, according to the size and style of the instrument. Recommendations from LOWELL MASON, WM. B. BRADBURY, GEORGE F. ROOT, L. H. SOUTHARD, EDWIN BRUCE, SILAS A. BANCROFT, and many other distinguished musicians, may be seen at our ware-rooms.

[The opinions of the above gentlemen give them a decided preference to all other Melodeons.

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Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SIBLEY, SALEM.

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REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 32 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place. Feb. 18.

CARL ZERRAHN,
Conductor of the Handel & Haydn Society,
Conductor of the Orchestral Union, and
TEACHER OF MUSIC,

May be addressed at his OFFICE in E. H. Wade's music store, or at his residence, U. S. Hotel. Dec 23 6t

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